

## **BONAPARTE.**

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### **BONAPARTE.**

The demise of this extraordinary man, is one of the most interesting events to the nations of Europe, that has occurred for many years. He died on the 5th of May, 1821, and, after lying in state two days, was buried with high military honours, in a romantic valley, near a place called Hut's Gate. This is a spot that he had previously selected for his interment, in case he terminated his life in St. Helena. The complaint of which he died, is said to be the same that terminated the life of his father—a cancer in the chest.

# THE TRAVELLER.

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To explore the world, and give to view  
Scenes oft retraced

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## ST. HELENA.

THE following correct discription of St. Helena is taken from Johnson's Oriental Voyager.

"We commenced by ascending Ladder-Hill, a precipice which, at first sight, seems designed by nature as a barrier that would forever defy the human race to scale, yet human industry has, by incredible exertions, in blowing up the rocks, formed a zig-zig path to its summits.

So, when proud Rome, the Afric warrior brav'd,  
And high on Alps his crimson banner wav'd;  
Though rocks on rocks their beetling brows oppose,  
With piny forests and unfathom'd snows.  
Were girt with clouds the rifled mountains yawns,  
And chills with lengthen'd shades the gelid lawns;  
Onward he march'd to Latium's velvet ground,  
With fires and acids burnt the rocky bound,  
While o'er her weeping vales destruction hurld,  
And shook the rising empire of the world.

"About midway we stopped to take a view of the town, which, even from this height, looks like one in miniature, the streets resembling the little houses which we see in toy-shops; the whole assuming such a mimic appearance, that a person would be almost tempted to think he could cover a considerable part of it with his hands. Looking upwards, what a contrast appears! who, without emotions of terror, can behold such gigantic projections of rocks hanging over him, in so loose and disjointed a state, that the excited imagination paints them in the very act of precipitating

themselves heading down the horrid steep. Accidents of this kind sometimes happen after vain, by the wild goats climbing along the edges of the precipices, and loosing small pieces of rock, which rolling down, displace others still larger, till at length whole torrents of them come thundering down into the valleys, to the astonishment and terror of the inhabitants.

*As from the mountain's craggy forehead torn,  
A rock's round fragment flies with fury borne,  
Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends,  
Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends;  
From steep to steep the rolling rain bounds,  
At every shock the echoing vale resounds,  
Still gathering force, it smokes; and urg'd amain,  
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down impetuous to the plain.*

"On this account no person was allowed to keep tame goats on the north side of the island, and a premium is given for shooting wild ones.

"On Ladder-hill are mounted twenty-two or twenty-four pieces of cannon; some ranged along the brow of the cliff that overhangs the town, and others along that which overlooks the roads. Six or seven of these are mounted on depressing carriages, so as to fire right down into the town and roads, thereby completely commanding those places; the rest are mounted on common carriages, and serve the purpose of a saluting battery. Over these precipices few of us would venture to look,

*Lest the brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Tumble down headlong—*

"From hence we proceeded for High Knoll, over a tract that seemed the very emblem of sterility; every step we ascended, presenting new views of rocks and mountains, congregated on each side in the wildest order, and without exhibiting an atom of vegetation.—Such is the prospect when within a few paces of the summit of High Knoll, and which is finely contrasted with the glassy surface of an immense expanse of ocean, which the great height of the place enables the eye to survey.

"We now ascended to the tower on the top of the Knoll, which we no sooner reached, than all this rude scenery vanished like a magical illusion, leaving the eye to range over a series of beautiful little valleys, groves and lawns, verdant as the spring, and affording luxuriant pasturage to the flocks and herds that strayed among them. Throughout this prospect were interspersed small plantations, gardens, and handsome little country houses, the whole surrounded by a lofty irregular ridge of hills and precipices that formed a grand outline and striking contrast to the picturesque scenes they enclosed. Here our attention was chained for some time; till at length, on descending the south side of the Knoll, which is rather steep, we arrived at the Governor's country residence, called Plantation House. It is situated on the side of a pleasant little valley, with small plantations and gardens adjoining, and commands a very fine prospect of the sea. In my opinion, however, the situation does no great credit to the person who first pitched upon it, as it is much inferior to many places which we afterwards saw. Its proximity to the town was probably the cause of its being preferred.

"Our road now took a winding direction along the declivities of winding little hills, whose green sides sloping down to the principal valley to the left, formed a number of little glens and dells, from whose beauty one would be almost tempted to pronounce them the favourite haunts of fairies. We could not help stopping at every turn of the road, to admire this interesting landscape, whose prominent features were perpetually varying, from the different points of view in which they were seen.

"After a pleasant ride of about an hour, we came to Sandy-Bay Ridge, over which we were to pass in our way to the bay of the same name. When near its summit, we halted for a few minutes, in order to take a farewell look at the northern prospect, not expecting to see any thing like it on the island again.

"What then must have been our surprise, when, on mounting the Ridge, a scene burst upon our view, as much superior to the one we had so reluctantly left, as that one was to a dreary heath? But I shall not attempt to give a description of it. Had Dr. Johnson, when writing his *Prince of Abyssinia*, been seated on Sandy-Bay Ridge, he might have described from nature a valley more beautifully romantic than even his own fertile imagination has been able to form for young Rasselas.

"Nature must certainly have been in one of her good-humoured and most whimsical creative moods, when she formed this bay, and indeed St. Helena altogether; where she has strewed the sublime and beautiful with a hand liberal even to profusion, though in a very small space. Indeed, it might not, perhaps, be too poetical an idea to suppose, that nature, after finishing her great work, had retired to this solitude in the ocean, to construct at leisure a favourite scene, that would exhibit in miniature an assemblage of all the various features which she had scattered promiscuously over the rest of the world."

## ANECDOTES.

A single smile is worth a thousand tears

### BONAPARTE'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

In one of our walks, the Emperor told me (says Las Cases) that he had in the course of his life been much attached to two women of very different characters. The one was the votary of art and the graces; the other was all innocence and simple nature: and each, he observed, had a very high degree of merit.

The first, in no moment of her life ever assumed a position or attitude that was not pleasing or captivating; it was impossible to take her by surprise, or make her feel the least inconvenience. She employed every resource of art to heighten natural attractions; but with such ingenuity as to render every trace of allurement imperceptible. The other, on the contrary, never suspected that any thing was to be gained by innocent artifice. The one was always somewhat short of the truth of nature; the other was altogether frank and open, and was a stranger to subterfuge. The first never asked her husband for any thing, but she was in debt to every one; the second freely asked whenever she wanted, which, however, very seldom happened; and she never thought of receiving any thing without immediately paying for it. Both were amiable and gentle in disposition, and strongly attached to their husbands.—But it must already have been guessed who they are; and those who have ever seen them will not fail to recognise the two Empresses.

The Emperor declared that he had uniformly experienced from both the greatest equality of temper and most implicit obedience.

Talking about love, Napoleon observed, “and what is said of me?”—“Sire,” I replied, “it is understood that when in the summit of your power, you suffered yourself to be enslaved by the chains of love; that you became a hero of romance. In short, that you conceived an attachment for a lady in humble circumstances; that you wrote her above a dozen love-letters; and that her power over you prevailed so far as to compel you to disguise yourself, and to visit her secretly and alone, and at her own residence in the heart of Paris.” “And how came this to be known?” said he, smiling; which of course amounted to an admission of the fact. “And it was doubtless added,” continued he, “that this was the most imprudent act of my whole life; for had my mistress proved treacherous, what might not have been my fate—alone and disguised, in the circumstances in which I was placed, amidst the snares with which I was surrounded? But what more is said of me?” “Sire, it is affirmed that your majesty’s posterity is not confined to the king of Rome. The secret chronicle states that he has two elder brothers; one, the offspring of a fair foreigner, whom you loved in a distant country; the other, the fruit of a connexion nearer at hand, in the bosom of your own capital. It was asserted that both had been conveyed to Malmaison before our departure; the one brought by its mother, the other introduced by his tutor; and they were described to be the living portraits of their father.”